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Nabbes

RESERVE

STUDIO

COMEDIE

THE AUTHOR OF THE
"HISTOIRE DE LA VIE DE
LOUIS XIV."

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THE
BRIDE,
A
COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeere 1638. at the private
house in *Drury-lane* by their
Majesties Servants.

The Author, THOMAS NABBES.

Ovid. epist. Herm. ad Orest.

— *Nec turpe marito est
Apera pro charo bella tulisse storo.*

LONDON.

Printed by R. H. for Laurence Blaikelocke and are to be sold
at his shop at the signe of the Sugar-loafe next
Temple barre in Fleet-street. 1640.

THE

BRIDAL

COMEDIE

Ag'd in the year 1712 at the birth
house in London by their
Majesties Command



The Author, Thomas Nashe

Of the first edition
of this book
is now preserved

LONDON

Printed by R. W. for Andrew Bland, and are to be sold
at his shop at the sign of the sugar-loaf next
To the door in the Strand

TO THE
GENERALTY

His Noble friends, Gentlemen of
the severall Honorable Houses
the Inns of Court,

GENTLEMEN,

I Have presum'd thus upon
you, to countenance my
shamefack *Bride*; who now
she is prest blusheth to ap-
peare in publick, through feare shee
hath of a new danger from publicke
censure. She is here drest according
to mine own desire and intention; with-

out ought taken from her that my selfe
thought ornament; nor supplied with
any thing which I valued but as rags.
Your favorable opinion, and your ac-
ceptance of her into your protection,
will take off her feares, and make her pre-
sent her selfe *fronte lato*: and the honor
that you doe me thereby will adde to
those many engagements that binde me
alwayes to declare my selfe

Your most thankfull servant.

THOMAS NABBES.

The speaking Persons.

- Goodlove. *An old wealthy Merchant.*
 Theophilus. *His Sonne, supposed onely his Foster Sonne.*
 Raven. *His Nephew: a Villaine.*
 Kickshaw. *A French Cooke.*
 Maligo. } *Two Merchants.*
 Rhenish. }
 Justice Ferret. *A simple Justice.*
 Mrs. Ferret. *His wife, imperious over her husband.*
 Father. } *To the Bride.*
 Mother. }
 Bride.
 Squirell. *A nimble Vintner.*
 Drawer.
 Three or foure Blades. *Wildering fellows.*
 Horten. *An owner of rarities and antiquities.*
 Servant to Horten.
 Servants to Goodlove.
 Plaster. *A humorous Surgeon.*

Mus.

- Maydes attending the Bride.
 Three or foure Wenches.
 Servants.

The Scene L O N D O N.

The PROLOGUE

Vacation Still: so little custome comes
To buy our Merchandize, and fill our roomes,
It would perswade us but for after hope
Of better takings quite to shut up shop.
But what's the reason? have we no good ware?
Or doe the sights and motions in the fayre
Please better with their cheape rates? 'tis not fit
That we should set so low a prize on wit.
For what we shall present you with to day
The Bride, we wish you not to expect a play,
Wherein a nestlecock, or youth oth' towne
(Borne to more state then wit)'s a gallant growne:
When one amongst you laughing at the else
And at his gullery, thinks upon himselfe.
Perhaps there will be some concluding that
A person or a place is pointed at;
Such make that satire which the pure intent
Of th' author meant but harmlesse merriment;
Who only labours here in what he can
To expresse a Citizen a Gentleman.

Marke well the weaving and the dressing, then
Liking the stuffe we hope you'l come agen.



The Bride.

The first Act, The first Scene.

*Enter Old Goodlove, and Theophilus
very sad.*

Goodlove.



Say, no more of this,
I'll have no brow contracted into wrindles
Upon my wedding day: A day of mirth;
And thou stand'st like a mellancholick figure
Of weeping penitence, when joy should dress
Thy cheekes in dimples; it is prodigious
That thou should'st only
Weare mourning at my nuptials, that have foster'd
Thee from an Infant; bred thee to a man;
Ranckt thee with Gentlemen, and made thee thought
To be what thou appear'st; and thou to grieve
For what I count my happinesse!

The. Pray' sir conster it
Th' expression of my duty. To your love
Were I posselt of many selves I ow them.
That love hath caus'd this passion out of feare
Your reputation in the act will suffer

B

Rumor

The Bride.

Rumor is apt to prey upon occasion :
And if the rude mouthes of the multitude
Catch hold on a report, they'l multiply it ;
And make it grow to scandale. You an old man
Will marry a young woman.

Good. Who calls me old ! Dost thou ? Now by my beard
(Is't not turn'd black agen ? I should be loath
To swear by a false colour) I am young,
Like a new spring grown out of a barren winter.
I' ave likewise strength and activeness: looke here else. *seemes*
B. shrew't, the floor's uneven: would 'twere mended *to eaper and*
Ile have my cornes cut too. Childe we must dance *hurt his foot.*
Alwayes at weddings. Am I agen a Bridegrome !
And shall I not be lusty ?

The. Pray Sir, do not
Flatter your weaknesse, and decay of strength.
Your age begins to grow to a disease:
And can you then expresse such youthfull appetite
Without being censur'd ?

Good. Pray no more disuasion
Besides my will there is a reason for it :
And thou hast cause to joy, Shee brings a portion.
Will be a large addition to thy state,
Which I but live t' encrease. I have no heire
Save thee ? nor will get any : shalt have all.

The. Your welfare sir to me
Is an inheritance 'bove any state
Fortune can blesse me with. Which to preserve
My knees should grow fast to some hallowed pavement,
Till mine own dissolution, and no thoughts
Busie my minde but prayers. Sir consider
The difference 'twixt your disabilite,
And her so hopefull fruitfullnesse. T' increase
And propagate was the best end of marriage.
T' en if the meanes be wanting, the end cannot
Be perfected : and some in scruple stick not
To call it sinne.

Good. More urging ! when I am dead.

Thou

The Bride.

Thou shalt have her too. Ha! do'st startle at it?

Th. Why that would make even your ashes infamous.
And tempt the idle gazers on't to scratch
Libells upon your Marble. 'Twould be construed
That shee in youthfull heart longing for what
Your cold defects deny'd her, had enjoyd me
To lustfull satisfaction, when she should
Have warm'd your bed, and after married me
To prevent farther rumor. Nay sir more.
Hath she not setled her desire already
Upon some one of more proportion'd yeares?
'Twere rare if such a beauty of that growth,
Should have her mayden thoughts untoucht with th' appetite
Of what instinct doth teach, though she were barr'd
Even all converse, so much as not to know
The difference of a sex.

Good. A caules jealousy
Shee's noted to have more perfections
Lodg'd in her rich minde, then the outward structure
Though beautifull doth promise: she inherits
Her Parents vertues, and her education
Hath been their only care. I know shee's free
From the leest thought may stayne her purity.
Therefore no more.

The second Scene.

*To them Raven, and a little after him
Mounseur Kickshaw.*

Is my Bride yet come Cosen?

Rav. Not yet sir. *Monsieur Kickshaw* the French Cook's
come to prepare dinner.

Good. Hee's welcome; let me see him
I'll have the feast season'd with all variety
Of choice delights.

Th. To me they will not relish;
But like those pills which an unwilling patient

The Bride.

Doubting their vertue takes, and turnes the medicine
Into a worse disease.

Good. Mounſieur you are welcome.

Kick. Me tank you Mounſieur.

Good. I preſume you'l ſhew your beſt cunning.

Kick. Me make you de French diſh; de pulpatone; de frigalie; de gran *Kickeshaw* an de *kickeshaw* royall; de niacarrone: and two tree dozen ting more for your wedding.

Good. Pray Coſin take him firſt into the cellar.

Kick. Remerge Mounſieur. Me drinke two tree cup a your Claret a your vite vine ſall make a me luſty.

Good. I ſhall thankfully conſider your paines.

Kick. Mounſieur ven a me vark is done, you give a me leave to dance two tree four dance, an kiſſe a de vench two tree four time. Oh de French man love a de fine vench vary well. You be de old man Mounſieur, and you love a de young venche me make your de diſh ſall get ſis Childe.

Good. Too many on conſcience.

Kick. If de Madame love me, me get twenty.

Good. To your buſineſſe good Mounſieur.

Kick. Dat be good buſineſſe, better den go to my vark. *Exit.*

The. Obſerve you ſir this fellow! one that ought

To be kickt into manners how he taunts you?

'Twill be the ſtreets diſcourſe, the conduits lecture:

And not an idle tongue but will abuſe.

Your reverend name, which hitherto hath aw'd

Th' unbridled rabble.

Good. Once more I command thee

Leave off this counſaile, growing but from feare,

Thar will admit no reaſon. Coſin *Raven*

Haste my Bride: ſhee makes my patience tyre

With ſo much expectation. And hark you coſin.

Whiſper.

Theo. My ſun of joy's eclipt, and all the hopes

My fancy painted, by this accident

Are blotted out. How have I merited

Of heaven thus to be puniſht! But I muſt not

Tax providence with an injuſtice to me,

That have deſerv'd worſe curſes for neglect

The Bride.

Of my religious duties. Only he,
My foster Father to possesse those sweets
Love promis'd my inheritance! Wer't another,
I'd from his rude hands snatch her in the Church,
Before the powerfull words should knit that knot
Nothing but death dissolves.

The third Scene.

To them Maligo and Rhenish.

Good. Senior *Maligo* a most welcome guest.

Mal. Your Servant Senior.

Good. And Mr. *Rhenish*.

Rav. The Spanish and Dutch Merchants send there be no wars
at the wedding.

Rhen. Wee come to witnesse your solemnities.

Good. Welcome Mr. *Rhenish*: and since you are come so early
lets spend the time in conference about the wines we lately
spake of. *Exit. Theos. and Raven remaining.*

Rav. Cousin y'are sad. Would I might know the reason,
I'll helpe to put it from you.

The. Cousin *Raven*,

Since love, not blood, hath made you weare that title,
Though 'tis a secret I would gladly bide,
To you I will impart it. Sent with gifts
To the faire maid that this day must be *Bride*
To the old man, my treacherous eyes conveigh'd
Flames to my heart from hers: which being fixt:
Upon me, shot their magick influence
Of love with such a violence, that I tooke
Th' impression e're my bosome was prepar'd
And temper'd for it.

Rav. This may be a ground
For me to work on.

The. Duty now and honesty

The Bride.

Fought with my passions, and inforc't them back
To their unwilling prison : though her eye,
Look, gesture, and at parting when I tooke
Her hand to kisse it : then she held mine hard :
For all these invitations to their liberty
I durst not free them ; but conceal'd even that
Perhaps she wisht to know.

Rev. How can you doubt it ?

They were all signalls that you should assault,
And shee would yeeld 'Tis but a modest custom
For men to wooe. 'Tis womens only pride
To have men court them, not to be deny'd.
Indeed it was your fault.

The. My vertue rather.

Should I like the ingratefull serpent, sting
The bosome that hath warm'd me into life ?
Desire shall burst me first, Yet I must tell you,
I am resolv'd to give my passions
This satisfaction. When the bridall ceremonies
Have had their consummation, I will travaile
And leave the cause behind. You may reveale it
When I am gone. I shall be prais'd or pittied,
For none can blame me.

Rev. None ! Yes all that heare it.

Who will not tax your indiscretion,
And want of knowing what belongs to man,
That will deny your selfe that right, perhaps
None but your selfe can challenge. we are warrantred
To be indulgent to our selves so farre
As worke our own contents by any meanes
Conscience or law calls just. Then if the time
Prevent it not, try your successe : be suddain :
Steale her away and marry her.

The. Tempt me not

Out o^e my passion into one more dangerous.
'Twere but a just correction if I kild thee;
That would instruct me to an act of error,
Repentance could scarce win a pardon for.

Rev.

The Bride.

Rav. My counsaill's worth a better fee. Perhaps
You feare some trechery in me. Clere your understanding,
I'll prove you ought to do it, and I to ayde you.
You are his foster sonne, and I his kinsman.
You he intends his heire, and yet he must not
Neglect me altogether. When they are married
Sshe'll find one to get Children.

The. Thou art base
In thy suspect of her; and but for peace
(To which this day ought to be consecrate)
It should be punish't.

Rav. Y're too violent.
Be calme, and understand demonstrative reason,
Children being borne, then are you disinherited.
When marrying her ther's an estate will follow
Worth thousands: For shee is the only child
Her parents ever had.

The. And why should you
Advise to this, and ayde it?

Rav. What more police
Could I be guilty of? When his displeasure
Hath cast you of (for that way sure hee'll punish
The injury) stand not I faire to be
Possess of what you loose, the old mans favor?
Were you the only object of my hate,
The good I do my self would make the act
Shew of sufficient malice: but my love
Guiding me to't —

The fourth Scene.

*To them Goodlove, Maligo and Rhenish: and a little
after them Justice Ferret and his wife.*

The. 'Tis well I am prevented;
My rashnesse else had executed justice

Upon

The Bride.

Upon thy guilt. Forbeare to tempt me farther.
Thy friendship's but the shadow of a true one
Dar'it urge such counsaile, goodnesse cannot choose but blush at,

Rav. Howsoever you receive it
I will attempt it, I'll prepare the *Bride*
With this discovery: if she hath desires
Shee'l some way give them liberty. The old man
I then will pre, offesse with jealousy;
And so indeere me to him, that my ends
Stand alwayes faire in their opinions.
A cunning villaine must pretend to save.
When most of all he doth intend a grave

Exit.

Good. I like the rates: may the wines please as well.
I'll not repent my bargain.

Mal. Trust me fir you have the best sack of Spaine.

Rhen. And *Rbenish* the swan hath none better: yet ther's that
will make the crookedst horner in the lane speake latin with the
Bedle of Vintiners hall.

Good. Mr. Justice *Ferret*,
This was a large expression of your love
To come over the water.

Fer. 'Twas my wifes desire.

Good. Kinde Miltresse *Ferret*.

M. Fe. Sir, the respects I beare you, and the obedience I owe
my husband that commanded it; brought me over willingly to
offer my service to so noble a freind.

Good. Your courtesies overcome me.

M. Fe. A rot on the best linings of your three pild durable,
your everlasting almanack of high dayes, feastes and sessions:
was it my desire? Thou lyest thou wrong side of a lawyer turn'd
outwards: I had better businesse at home. I could have seen
if mother Whirl had put the last pound of flax I sent her, or
called at Knocks the weavers for my new Napkins. I have no
maides to cudgell their tasks out of. Indeed I can hardly keepe
any for such a goat as thou art.

Good. Are ye offended with your husband Mrs. *Ferret*?

M. Fer. Obedience forbid it; my head: or if I may use the
honorable phrase here without offence, my cap of mainrenance,

Fer-

The Bride.

Fer. No no fir; thee was but excusing a few faults.

M. Fer. How fir lubber, must the world take notice by you that I have faults or modesty to excuse them? I'll make thee complain a moneth of the fairies for this: the fairies of my nayles I meane; and pretend pinching for pissing in thy shooes, or such night uncleaneffe.

Fer. Sweet wife forbear a little. Thou wilt vex away thy eating stomach, and here will be excellent cheer.

M. Fer. So, so: I thought a Citty feast with a Ram-mupton pasty, and a twelve noock custard, made with carryers eggs and the out scrapings of isinglas, must tempt you to the charge of six pence over, and six pence back agen. Which with an addition of Clerks fees shar'd, and some garrison'd westphalian neates tongue or red deer pye out of my Chamber cupbord, might have been an entertainment for the Masters of the Parish in your own dyning roome, and all have been payd for too with the return of half emptyd botles.

Good. Your wife Mr. *Ferres* hath call'd something to mind deserves a chiding.

Fer. Fye no fir: Shee is somewhat shrewish at home, but the best wife abroad ———

M. Fer. Fy, sweet heart now you flatter. 'Tis virtue enough in us to be obedient and dutyfull: we should lay our selves under our husbands feet if they command it. But i'll exalt my self or somewhat else above your head, you malkin of suburb authority set up only to fright crows from the carrion of the common wealth, that it may ly still and corrupt government. Your worship had best bind my tongue to the peace, my nayles should soone bayle it.

Soft Musick.

The fifth Scene

*To them Father, Mother, Raven, Bride, and
maidens attending her.*

Good. My Bride come?

The welcom'st guest that ever blest this roof.

Fat. Joy Crown yee both.

The Bride.

Good. May your wish be propheticke.
But why is she so sad?

Moth. 'Tis onely custome.
Maides have their feares which by degrees must leave them.

M. Fe. May shee make him a happy wife; and prove obedient
from my example.

Good. Salute my *Bride* sonne: shee should be thy joy
As well as mine.

The. I better shall expresse
Her entertainment in my pious wishes,
Then any complement I will be ready
To pay you my best duty.

Goodlove and Raven whisper.

Bride, Love you meane sir;
Give it no other name, might I own that
And call it my possession, soone this melancholy
Should leave it's mansion, and a *Brides* full joy
Inhabit here. You surely do repine;
And it may be this act begets your feare
Of being dispossesst a fathers love.
Which he must now in some proportion
Confer on me.

The. Let me with reverence sweare
By this white hand——

*Offers to kisse her
hand*

Bride, Let me prevent your oath;
Or sweare by another book. Perhaps 'twill be
The last warme kisse my lips shall ever feel.
I do beleewe you love me.

kisse.

weeps.

The. How shall I
Interpret this? how hard she clapt my hand,
And prest my lips? as wishing their conjunction
Might be eternall. Feares with her last words felt:
And in their silent oratory taught me
To know my selfe more wretched by the knowledge
Of what should make me happy.

Good. Can this be?

Rav. It hath both possibility and circumstance
To make it probable. Good sir observe
Their discontents: how they do sympathize,

And

The Bride

And meet each other. Pray fir let them have
An opportunity; Ile be the spy:
And cal you to their billing.

Good. 'Tis well counsaill'd
If 't please you Gentlemen I have within
Some rarities, whose sight shall be your bufinesse
'Till we are ready. Sweet you shall forbear them
'Till you are made their Mistresse.

Exunt.

Rav. Whether will you go?
Wait not my plot to get this liberty
That you might put your purpose into act
If you have any? Why do you delay it?
You see thee's willing; I prepar'd her to it.

Theo. offers to follow.

The. Willing to what good Cousin?

Rav. To be your *Bride*.

Bride. My blushes speak consent: then if you please
Prevent prevention. My desires were never
Setled on any other, though I durst not
Reveale my passions aw'd by feminine custome,
And my strict parents eyes. If you'll receive me,
The desperate state of my crosse fortune armes me
To any enterprize you'll be my guide in

The. I shall be tempted to neglect that duty
I would not rashly violate, to possesse
All that my wish can covet.

Rav. You may hereafter
Discourse your loves. Play not away th' occasion.
Her's the key of the back gate: take water presently, and away
to the ——— *whispers* ——— I'll follow, get ye a Licence and see
all dispatch, Feare not persuit: that I'll hinder.
So, the foundations layd on which I'll bulid
My selfe a fortune, and with better safety
Then making him away: Yet he must not marry her.
That were't enable him if my villany
Should be discovered to revenge and punish it.

Exunt.

The Bride.

The sixth Scene.

To him Goodlove, Father, Mother, Ferret, M^r. Ferret,
Maligo, and Rhenish.

The old man! aide me now hypocrisie;
Or all miscarries. Oh fir I have search't for you all the house over.

Good. Haft observ'd any thing?

Rav. I left them here to close condoling. They are questionles
stolne to some private place. I le sent them out, and bring you
word.

I must absent my self for fear my joy

For this faire entrance doth discover me.

Exit.

Good. Father in expectation I have suddainly
Bethought me of a businesse.

Fat. Pray' what is't?

Good. You see I am old; unfit for such a Bride.
Suppose I make a resignation,
And give my right up to another man,
One that your daughter and your self should like of.
What if my son were Bridegroom? wwere a match
Would carry more proportion.

Fat. None more gladly,
So you'l confer upon him an estate
Answering her portion.

Good. It shall be considered of.
Wee'l know their likings.

Fer. Will you not Marry her your self then after all these pre-
parations? Why fir the world takes notice of it; and it may con-
cern your credit.

Good. Your husband counsailes well M^r. Ferret.

M. Fe. I cannot in obedience but allow of his wisdom. Thou
changling nurst with the milke of an asse whence thou deriest
thy great empty noddle: must you hinder a good motion? Are
there not cuckolds enough already?

Good. Wher's the Bride Cousin?

Raven returns.

Rav.

The Bride.

Rav. Vanish't fir, not to be found. They are questionlesse run away together : the water gate is fast lockt, and the key without. You were doubtfull fir, and would hardly give credit to my relation.

Fat. How! stolne away together ! what plots are these ?

Good. Yours fir, to undoe the reputation
Of an old man.

Fat. Rather your own, ~~in~~ ruine
My only comfort.

Fer. Proceed you fir in your late motion and this difference will soone find a reconciliation. Is not the Gentleman his only son.

Good. No sonne of mine, but the most monstrous birth
Of base ingratitude that ever made
Charity frozen. I found him in the fields,
An Infant almost starv'd, and bred him up.
It seems for this.

Moth. Alasse our child's undone.

Fat. Pursue the villaine. If the extremity
Of Law can do it, I will hang him for't.

Rav. I should be glad of that.

Fat. If I can prove fir your least knowledge makes you
A party in't, your state or mine shall crack for't.

Good. Do you fir threaten me in mine own house. ?
My credit's more at stake, then that I should
Be calnie : but once I give you priviledge.

Fat. Come lets' to water : we perhaps may take them.

Rav. Yes at the Tower questionlesse. *Exeunt. Father and*

Fer. Sir if I find them in my precinct. *Mother.*

M. Fer. What will you do ? If thou dost the least wrong to
the loving couple, though I burn for it, I will roast thee alive and
sell thy greasie kidnies for kitchin stuffe. *Kickshaw enters with*

Rav. A good proceeding hitherto. *plate under his cloake.*

Kick. No vench, no veding ? Me bid you adiew Mounseieur;
you no need a me varke.

Good. Farewell Mounseieur. Reward him Cofin.

Kick. Here be revard : two, tree silver dish, and tree, foure
spoon make Mounseieur a gentleman an buy de fine vench beyond

The Bride.

de water. Me no stay for de reward. *Exit.*

Good. Ha hah hah he. *Laughs.*

Mal. Why laugh you sir? make you no more account of so great an injurie?

Good. They'r gone: and now I'll tell ye gentlemen,

I knew the boy did love her, and I meant

He only should enjoy her; but pretended

My self would marry her, thereby to worke

A greater portion out of her covetous Father;

And to insinuate my selfe into

A perfect knowledge of his true estate.

Now since he hath play'd the wagge, preventing me

Of mine own plot, you all shall in and witness

My act of love to him: I'll instantly

Confirm him my full heire, reserving something

For you my kinsman: whom I desire

Use your best diligence to finde them out,

And bring them home, but coupled. And you gentlemen

Dispenſe with this dayes accident, your cheer

To morrow shall be doubled. *Exeunt.*

Rev. How is this?

My plot's prevented too; curse on the charme

That witcheth you to love him. Bring them home,

But coupled: fine employment. Yet 'tis well

You tell me your intent. My brain must work

Some more succesfull mischief that may hit.

No villaine can prosper without wit. *Exit.*

The second Act, the first Scene.

Squirrel, and after him a Drawer.

Squir. Your deligence knaves, or I shall canvaſe your pole davyes, deafen not a gallant with your anon anon fir, to make him stop his cares at an over-reckoning. Can a mansion purchased

The Bride.

chased and payd for be converted into a house of enterテインment, and subsist without commings In and goings Out? Now sir what say you?

Dra. The reconing sir for Mr. *Serge* the Mercer, and the Scriveners wife, that have been these two houres in the yellow bed-Chamber.

Squi. And what had they?

Dra. A dish of collops and egges, and wine.

Squi. Sixteen shillings! 'tis well.

Dra. But her husband had half a quire of paper and bastard by himself in the Bulls-head: which would hardly keep him employ'd below stayres; he was going up to peep through the key hole.

Squi. Sawcy Scrivener! peep through a key hole! shouldst have had him by the eares.

Dra. His peeping through a hole cost them long since.

Squi. And this came freely!

Dra. He woundred sir it was no more.

Exit. Dra.

Squi. Go carry the blades in the Lion a pottle of sack from me: their roaring must be maintain'd out of my profit. They are good procurers; and help now and then to stane of an over heated Citizen that pursues his game, too egerly. Though my holy-day squires of the city bring me in most gain, my free Knights of the suburbs, the erants of Lincoln-Inn fields, where their randevous makes the gunpowder house terrible, and the snock tribute due to their order is daily and nightly exacted: these I say are the best maintainers of my profits occasion; and Squirrel must venter cracking to maintaine them whilst his sign and bush lasts.

The second Scene.

To him Theophilus and Bride.

Yare welcome sir.

Th. The Master of the house!

Squi. The poore owner of some goods and chattels; moveables and immoveables, with a small stock to drive a trade.

Th. We would desire the use of a roome.

Squi. You shall be accommodated.

Th.

The Bride.

The. We expect a frieind; 'till he comes this may serve.

Squi. What you please sir. A towell firrah quickly. *Exit.*

Bri. Thou seem'st sweet hart as if th' hadst feares within thee.
We may securely now discourse our loves,
And weary time with words; till we are fit
To act our wishes.

The. The fulnesse of my joyes
Happ'ning so suddain ere I was prepar'd
To taste them with an appetite, hath bred
A surfet in me.

Bri. Now you smell of flattery
I would not have you court what you possesse
with any attribute above its merit.
If my being yours you count your happinesse,
Let us be suddain to confirme our selves
Mutually happy, e're our parents rage
Can reach us to prevent it. *The.* That word parents.
Makes me reflection my ingratitude:
Being greater far then infamous recordes
Did ever punish; and like pleasant dreames
My joyes are chang'd to nothing.

Bri. Suddaine dumbs:
Whence are they? to my selfe I am not guilty
Of a behaviour that should merrit this.
I prethee let me blush, and kisse away
The clowdes hang on thy brow. No discontent
Should interpose where equall love hath mixt
Equall desires; and for the noble end
No base dependance. For could I but think
Thy soule did harbor any bastard thought
Which goodnesse might not father, I would back
To my disgrace; and confidently meet
My parents anger; all th' affronts of rumor;
And what the rabble pleas'd rather then stay
To nurse it to a growth.

The. Then pray return;
But not to your disgrace; all shall be thrown
Upon my guilt. And though my love (unfain'd

With

The Bride.

With the least blemish of impure affection)
Gave th' act allowance, I'll belye my self,
And say I did enforce you, which the law
May punish with my life. I'll give it up,
To end th' affliction of my soule; divided
'Twixt love to you, and duty to that man
I have so wrong'd.

Bri. Can love admit such scruples?
Or is't thy coldness? I was too too credulous.
But the necessity deny'd more tryall.
Here's a pretence indeed.

The. Can there be greater?
Ingratitude's a monster. Shall I then
Repay that man with injurie, that gave
My almost starv'd life warmth, and made me breathe
Though to be miserable

Bri. Thou dost surely
Want the best part of man, and art not capable
Of resolution. Such a coward spirit
Lodgeth not here. I now suspect thy worth,
And blame my rashness.

The. Why should I be taxt
With such defect? Know then I dare deserve you
By any enterprize that may be credible.
Invention cannot fancy an employment
I would not manage to confirm my love
Worthy your best opinion, only this
My conscience frights me from.

Bri. Why then farewell.
Passion will guide me some where, goodness guard me
From a despaire; and whatsoever end
I am dispos'd for, I'll remember thee
Deny't thy self good in denying me.

Offering

The Bride.

The third Scene.

To them the Drawer with a towel.

Dra. What's your wine sir?

The. Presently. Stay.

Dra. Your pleasure sir.

The. I meane not you.

Dra. I know your meaning sir.

Pulls back bride.

Bride weepes.

Exit. Drawer.

The. Why should those pearles be wasted,
Till they enrich my funerall? Distraction
Hurries my thoughts, and hindreth them from ord'ring
Any resolve. Have I proceeded hitherto?
And shall I now give back? The infamy
Sticks on my name already; and the stain
Thrown on it by the black mouth'd multitude
For being ingratefull, by bare satisfaction
Cannot be washt away. Her vertue likewise
will be suspected. I must therefore on
Since reason prompts me to it. Love shall excuse
The act, and my neglect of other dues.
Sweet I am now resolv'd.

Bri. Resolv'd! to what?

The. To consummate our wishes.

Bri. Now I think on't

'Tis better not. I find my flame abated:
My lov's not half so violent, I can stay,
And try you first.

The. How's this? why will you now
Change your intent that seem'd so resolute?
'Twill make us be the subject of discourse,
And libelling ballads; every goships feast
Will make mirth from our shame.

Bri. No matter for't
I now begin to examine what's in you
So taking. An indifferent handsome frame;

The Bride.

The superficies neatly varnish'd over,
In it should dwell a soule rich as the building
Doth promise to the eye; but I suspect it.
Thy actions suite not with a noble spirit.
Thy lov's but wanton passion, not the vertue
Should give it warrant. He that would be mine,
Must in his mind as well as outward shine.
Agen farewell.

Offers again to go.

The. Stay: I have fool'd my selfe
Into a maze of errors, and do want
M' instructive part to guide me. All my faculties
Of soule are puzzled, and at every turning.
Do mate themselves with doubts. Why should you feigne
This cruelty to kill me, when my joyes
Were almost strengthned in the life you gave them,
So far as not to feare a new relaps?
Having corrected all the accidents
Of my diseas'd love, will you now desist
To make a perfect cure?

Bri. Medicines apply'd
To an unwilling or distrustfull patient
Their working's hindred. You have ill receiv'd
The means; and what succedes, your selfe is guilty of;
No cruelty of mine.

The. Are you resolv'd then
To send me back to my first misery?
And anew make me wretched?

Bri. 'Till confirm'd
Ther's merit in you.

The. Is my want of that
Onely suspected by you? Heare me first,
And then farewell. May I be curst beyond
Recovery by my penitence; let heaven
Ne're make me master of a wish that may
Include my least good, if I marry you——

Bri. How's this?

The. Untill your parents free consent,
And the good liking of that injur'd man

The Bride.

Allow it publike ceremony

Bri. Thou canst not
Figure a more impossibility.

It must be never then. Call in thy vow;
The rashnesse will dispense with't

The. That might give
A new occasion for your cruell wit
To tax me with new weaknesse. Know I can
Be man as well as lover; and am fixt
In my resolve, beyond the power of change
By any passion.

Bri. I have play'd too long
With the false shadow of my happinesse,
And nockt away the substance. By my love
Zealous as ever kindled a chaste flame
In any maidens brest, I but dissembled
To try thy patience, and beget discourse.
I am so well confirm'd in my opinion
Of thy desert, that should a thousand tongues
Swoln with detraction, break their rum'rous bags,
Venting from thence the most corrupted malice
That ever made man infamous to me
It should be flatt'ring praise.

The. Did you dissemble?
Could she who through her eyes convey'd her heart,
And the assurance of her best desires
When other meanes were silent, ~~that~~ that taught
My equall passion to interpret looks,
Teares, smiles, and read in those dumb characters
Her soule, dissemble? or with any counterfet
Disturb his joy that only from her truth
Derives it true possession? Jealousie
May then be warranted, since 'tis a vertue
Noble and masculine when justly grounded.
Was not your love dissembled? meant you not
To make a property of these proceedings
For some ends of your own? Dispose your self
As your will guides you; 'twill but make my life

Some-

The Bride.

Somewhat more tedious wanting your society:
Besides whom I renounce all woman kind.

Bri. I man besides thee. Do not tempt thy fate
Too far beyond a reconciliation
With opportunity; as yet it serves.
If this day give thee not possession of me
Never expect it. I shall find a place
To keep out shame. In some chaste fellowship
I'll learn to pay religious vows to heaven.
And pray since here we cannot, we may be
Happy hereafter in eternity.

The. Dissolve not with those teares my passive heart
That weeps within me. They will almost tempt me
To worse then sacrilege. Anon we will
Consult and practice something.

The fourth Scene.

To them Squirell. After him Raven.

Squi. By the description he makes of you a gentleman below
enquires for you. I was not curious to aske your name, but I
know him.

The. My cofin *Raven*!

Squi. The same fir.

The. Pray direct him to us.

Squi. What's your wine fir?

The. When he comes.

Squi. This is sure some hide-bound student, that proportions
his expence by his pension; and wencheth at *Tottenham* court
for stewed prunes and cheescakes. Hee's not acquainted with
the generous way, and I shall have the lesse scruple to cofin
him.

The. Be not so cloudy sweet; our sun of joy
May shine at full, and cleere those dusky mists;
Obscure it for a season. Welcome Cofin
Unto our expectation.

The Bride

Rav. The wine boy *within.* Anon anon sir: by and by.

The. Cofin the news? how go matters?

Rav. The tempest's layd, but they are scatter'd by it.

Some to the Tower; to Pancrace others run;

Noise fills the roomes within, and in the street

The rabble is convented; where a jury

Of wide mouth'd oyster wives, to whom the foreman

A one legg'd ballad finger opens tunably

The merry case, not onely do acquit you,

But prayse the act; and sweare a ballad of it

Would out sell all the libells ever yet

M. P. subscrib'd to.

The. 'Tis an act indeed *Draper enters with*
Deserves reproach *wine and Exit.*

Rav. Deserves a Chronicle

A legend of delight. Which when 'tis read

By the learn'd youth of Hogsden after supper,

Shall cause such laughter 'mongst th' attentive family,

That cheap-side wives shall curse the noise, for sowing

The market womens creame and buttermilke.

The. Y'are very pleasant Cousin. Some mans jealousy.

Would soone interpret it to be but scorn.

What you intend it——

Rav. Cofin it is my zeale

Makes me thus light and ayery; yet rather

Then my behaviour should give way unto

The least suspicion, I'll put on a shape

Of like dejectednesse, as seems to cloath

Your melancholick *Bride*; But how 'twould show

Th' occasion makes it doubtfull. If shee'l weep

Upon her wedding day, let it not be

But that shee apprehends th' ensuing night

Brings on her joyfull feares. Cofin lets drink

A health to the effect: a jolly boy

Will follow feare not.

Bri. Yet the cause is hindred.

Pray' let your counsailes in our danger be

Drinks

Movers

The Bride.

Movers unto more serious thoughts and a strong
Our peace is not yet settled; and we doubt
What the success may be which our proceedings
Are destin'd to. *Rev.* Success! the best that time,
And th' application of endeavours can
Crown your desires with. Yet I must confesse
Your parents storme, and threaten death if law
By any trick can urge it. But the old man
Seems to forgive you; onely his intent
Is to dispose his state some other way
Then leave the least part yours. Which to comply for
With any least submission I should rather
Banish my self his sight, and cancelling
All th' obligations of indebted duty,
Scorn to be flatter'd into payment of it.
Cofin be rul'd by me; confirme your self
In this possession. You may find delights
Enjoying one another though restrain'd
A generall liberty. Get into the Country
Remote enough, but where you may receive
Weekly intelligence and means from me,
Which I'll supply you with in a proportion
For moderate expence. As things grow ripe
I can informe you. As it hath been ever,
It shall be still my care to do you offices
(For mine own ends.)

The. You have my dearest cosin
Given large testimony of your love;
Requitall must be studied. But for this
You have advis'd to, a quite different course
Is here resolv'd on, and my vow hath seal'd it.
I must returne to labor a consent
From those I have so wrong'd; which if deny'd me,
I never must enjoy what I desire
Above my self.

Rev. Consent! it would sooner be had,
If I prevent it not.
What noise is that?

A noise within.

Perhaps

The B. B. B.

Perhaps some that pursue you hide your selves
 Her's an inner room, shut the door, - don't let any see
 Put them into
 another room.

The fifth Scene.

To him Squirell peeping,

Squi. So, so, this is right gentlemen; one for another. Yet shee looks not like carrion of Mr. *Rover* leaving; I have seldom known him turn over any flesh to another that hath not been sufficiently tainted.

Rav. This accident what ere it was hath gain'd me an opportunity. *Squrell* thou must be intelligent and trusty. Hast observ'd?

Sami. Why is she a wench?

Rev. There's a question now to bring thy wit in question, and condemn thee for a puny politick in the smock flare. What blades are in the house?

Squi. Rasbke, Spilman, Poirard, and others.

Rev. And they made the noise

Squi. Right fir.

Rev. Will they attempt

Squi. Any thing for you fir. Shall it be an affront?

Rev. More, more: send them up; and apply thy self with cunning as thou expectest ever to thrive by the cholly fins of wenching.

Squi. I have known you Mr. Ray a bird of the flesh these many years, and if I should not respect an old friend,

the different courts

Rev. Away then to the execution.

Our feares was causelesse.

The. Had they been

Such as it spake them, we might well have said in the same breath

And yielded to them. We had only seem'd

Compell'd to what we freely must performe.

1900

The

The Brille.

The sixth Scene.

To them the Blades.

Rev. Have you business with any here sir?

1 Bla. I do not use to answer sir. Sweet Lady.

The. What fellow's this?

1 Bla. Fellow? one that will admit no fellow sir. Fellow!
Fellow your selfe.

The. More! I suspect some rudeness. Pray Cofin call the
Master of the house.

2 Bla. The Master of the house is the master of the house; but
we will master both him and you unless you deliver.

The. My purse?

3 Bla. Your she familiar sir; we would be familiar with her.

The. You are foule mouth'd

1 Bla. How sir Cittizen! do you think ere you are quite
sledge in the nest, with the shell of your cuckows eggs upon your
head to confront us? We are blades; and blades must be scoured.

Bri. What meane you sir?

2 Bla. Your servant sweet Lady.

The. She is none of your pleasure Ladies, 'tis a wrong direc-
tion of your base thoughts.

3 Bla. Base! Cit. thou deserv'st the cane: but this Ladies good-
ness commands thy pardon.

Bri. You are mistaken sir, I have no skill
in th' art of prostitution.

1 Bla. You shall be instructed Lady; 'tis the *Blades* profession.

The. Forbear your rudeness; if you must be wicked.

Let your temptations be directed where
The sin is grown to custome. Her chaste cares
Never receiv'd such sounds.

2 Bla. Come come, you must sweet Lady.

Bri. What sir?

1 Bla. A long with us: we are company indeed. Who would
lara Cit. (whose teeth are rotten out with sweet meates his mo-

The Bride.

ther brings him from go-shippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promise of a dry neats tongue and a pottle of Rhenish at the stillyard, when she may command a Blade to toss and tumble her? and (if she should pawn a petticoat) bear such a fellow as this is till he hath redeem'd it.

The. Advantage may do much; but I would wish ye Desist, and be more civill: 'tis not th' odds else Shall fright me from attempting to correct you.

2 Bla. Correct us! nay then along Lady. *One draws &*

Bri. Help me (sweet heart, will ye use violence? *stands at the*

The. Ye cowards, gainst an unarm'd man! *door, whilst the*

Rav. May not I passe? *other carry her away.*

3 Bla. Not through me fir, unless you were a Blade; the frater-nky may claime some privildge.

The. Then arme me Justice. *Theo. throws his cloake*

3 Bla. Hold, for heavens sake hold. *on the others points gets with-*

The. Thy life! I scorn it: 'tis too base to pay *in him and takes*

A satisfaction; she must be redeem'd *away his sword.*

At a far higher rate. *Exit.*

Rav. My wishes issue

In all things yet. Are you much hurt fir?

3 Bla. A scratch or so. If the rest scape no better, I shall be-
leeve there is more valour in some, then what's onely shown at a
Finsbury muster. *Exit. Ent. Squi. hastily.*

Squi. Your ayd master *Raven*, or we shall have murder done.

The young gentleman fir, the young gentleman — *Exit.*

Rav. I hope so, if my plot succeeds.

This was an unlookt business thrust upon me.

But I must practise my hipocrisie

With best art; else suspicion may discover

The guilt that's in me. Sure he's dead by this time,

Unless his skin be proof against their points.

If one of them should fall, and he escape

The rest I will suborne to make his life

The lawes. Thus villany like a pregnant mother

From the successe of one begets another. *Exit.*

The Bride.

The third Act, the first Scene.

*Theophilus beating in the Blades before him ; Bride ,
Raven and Squirrell.*

1 Bla. Hold hold; I am hurt.

2 Bla. I bleed too.

1 Bla. If my sword had had a point, I had payd him home.

Squi. I beseech you sir be pacified.

The. Sir if your house be a place priviledg'd
For such abuses, it must be inform'd of,
That law may punish it. But for these shadows,
Mockshapes of valour, were it not for staying
My innocent hands, I would compell your soules
Black as they are to give me satisfaction
As ye expire them.

Eri. Pretheesweet no more;
Tis well th' art safe.

1 Bla. We do acknowledge an error sir, and for satisfaction sir
and to preserve peace, our weapons shall be deliver'd up to the
Master of the house.

Rav. Mischiefe upon their baseness; how are they
Declin'd from men! I hop't one desperate thrust
Or stroake e're this had sent him to his quiet,
And cut off farther labor to contrive it;
It racks my invention. Yet I cannot rise
To what I ayme at but by his ruine.

1 Bla. We hope you'll do the like sir.

The. If I were confident of safety.
But you must give me leave being one that can
Command my selfe and passion. This with me
Serves as an instrument of peace, and may
Fright an intended mischief from me. Good sir
Retaine their weapons as you'll answer it
At your own peril.

Squi. Surely Mr. Raven, you were mistaken; this is no wench.
Exit.

The Bride.

2 *Bl.* Baffled and hurt! we may revenge it fir.

The. Ye properties of men, made up of rags
And outside onely, shoot your threats at those
That feare the bubbles. Think not here to triumph
As o're your easie gulls, that must redeem
Their safeties from the danger of your furies,
By battering downe with th' engine of their purse
Some sconch your drunken valour in a taverne
Hath built with sack. 3 *Bl.* So fir.

The. Be gone, for feare you urge me
To more impatience: Yet my charity
Affords ye this good counsaile. The world's full
Of brave imployments for men capable.
Yhave persons, but want mindes for actions.
That might ennoble ye. Honor attends
On warre; ye only call your selves by names
Of Captaines and Lieftenants, here where peace
Is most secure, but when your drunken quarrells
Disturb her. Go to th' warres, and save the Citty
The chargeable repairing of their prisons.

1 *Bl.* Wee'l think upon your satire.

3 *Bl.* Take the scabbard too. My belt I'll pawn for a scarfe
to hang my arme in, that the not wearing of a sword may have
pretence; till whose recovery I am degraded from a *Blade* to a
Battoone.

Exeunt the Blades.

Bri. How lovely shoves this valour? That so men
There should be so much difference.

The. Why so sad Cox? What think you on?

Rev. I was contriving mischief.

The. Mischief! 'gainst whom?

Rev. I shall betray my selfe.

A merry harmlesse mischief; whose relation
Shall make the Ice of melancholick spleenes
Dissolve with laughter. 'Tis a pretty plot
Upon those roarsers.

The. Pray impart it then.

Rev. There is a passage in t' unperfected yet;
How apt is guile to be its own discoverer!

The Bride.

I almost had spoil'd all.

The. I do begin weighing the circumstance
To be possib^{le} With a suspect of his sincerity.
Hee's surely trecherous; and perhaps occasion'd
The late attempt upon me, so to have
Remov'd the bar he feares might shut him out
From an inheritance I never coveted.
I must not be too credulous. What's the reason
You are so cloudy Cofin? In your eyes
Me thinks I read sad thoughts; your merry mischief
Promis'd more light somnesse.

Ros. I cannot yet
Fancy a good conclusion; It hath passages
That would beget a neare one. Are you Cofin
Resolv'd on your returne? or will you practise
As I advis'd?

The. Doth that concerne your plot?

Ros. I mind no plots; my mind is onely busie
To make you safe.

The. Safe! which way meane you Cofin?

Ros. Pray' wrest it not. Suppose those baffled roars
Should in revenge way-lay you: they are mischievous;
And if you should miscarry——

The. No great matter:
There were an end of misery. You need not
Be much solicitous to prevent my danger;
Since on my death depends the assurance
Of an estate to you. When you enjoy it,
If my cold ashes might be capable
Of such expressions, they should dance for joy
Fortune had so rewarded you, that meris
Above her flattery: which she but practis'd
When I was interpos'd by greater accident
Then ever yet made learned error give her
The prophane attributes of a deity.

Ros. He surely doth suspect me.

The. Had I faln

The Bride.

(As ten to one I might, had not the cause
Given me the greater odds.) Had you contriv'd it not?

Rav. How's that! your jealousy is an unkindness
My love deserves not.

The. I hope you are not guilty,
That catch th' uncertain meaning of my words
E're they are perfected; and preinterpret
Thoughts that had never being! I may then
Justly have doubts. For innocence unmov'd
At a false accusation, doth the more
Confirm it selfe; and guilt is best discover'd
By its own feares.

Rav. Pray fancy what you please
To strengthen your suspicion: 'tis indeed
So weakly groundd, that unlesse you propit
With better circumstances, your own shame
Shall ruine it, and justifie my truth.
I must out fac't.

The. Your own impatience
May serve for one. This house you sent us to
For ought I know a Brothell. You are notd
For one that surfeits in the pleasant sin:
And he that without scruple dares persue it,
Dares without scruple do or be consenting
To any mischeife from whose execution
The meanes may be derived that will maintaine
His lust and riot.

Rav. 'Tis not well that you
Digresse from your first plea to this foule satire.
You should not tax my life, since it hath done you
Those offices deserve (besides your thanks)
Your most indulgence to my greatest faults
Nor doth it show of noble nature in you
To credit infamy from a report,
Untill confirm'd by knowledge. Howsoever
You have declar'd your self in your suspicion;
And hence forth I desist: my practises
Have been so fruitlesse. One I had contriv'd

The Bride.

To Crown th' expression of my zealous care
In your affaires. You might have us'd my love
To better ends.

Bri. Pray' fir continue it,
And reconcile your passions, he shall be
No more in such an error, to mistake
The ayme of your intentions. From my warrant
He shall agen be settled in's opinion
Of your fidelity, not to be alter'd
By after accidents.

Rav. When once suspected,
Can I presume that any undertaking
Will be received well?

Bri. Prethee sweet remove
Th' ill grounded jealousy and heare him. Hee'l
Propose what may be usefull.

Rav. I shall never
But feare hereafter all my actions
Will not be fairely constred.

The. It must be
By that feare onely. Cofin I nere brought
My doubts to such a positive conclusion,
But that they might be chang'd to better truth
By your least satisfaction. If you have
Design'd ought for our good, and that my judgement
Gives it allowance, no suspicion shall
Hinder the execution.

Rav. Might I be
Confirm'd no misinterpretation should
Wreck the intent.

The. I am not capable
Of a new doubt, unless your doubts beget it.
Then pray' impart your counsaile.

Rav. Thus it is.
I have a little country house neer Epping;
Thither I would convey you. You may there
Conceale your selfe some time; In which I'll practise
A reconciliation with their loves

The Bride

By all the means that my invention
Can worke. Nor thinke I have sinister ends;
But faire, as ever perfect friendship made
Glorious in the successe.

Bri. Prethee consent
To this faire motion.

The. Cousin to expresse
How far I am from feare of any treachery
You might be guilty of; what you advise to
Shall be put into instant act. This key
Will leade you where my husbandry hath stor'd
Something from honest gain, without least wronging
The old mans trust; I pray convey it hither
Where wee'l expect you.

Rav. Please you to command
My store; what I am Master of is yours.
I shall gaine time to plot; my suddaine pollicies
Wanted a right foundation.
Wubin. They are here an't please your worship.

Bri. We are anew betray'd.

Rav. Mischiefe forbid it.

Wubin. You shall have justice feare is not.

Wubin. You may take my warrant gentlemen.

The second Scene.

To them the Blades, Justice Ferret, Mr.

Ferret, and Raven.

Rav. The Justice! then all's marr'd.

Fer. What Mr. Bridegroom?

M. Fe. And Mistresse Bridel send you joy.

Fer. Are you the

M^{rs}. Fer. Let me speake fir parrat; must you be repeating
your sessions lecture, and I in place?

Squi. The Justice knowes them. Best thinke for your selves,
least you be found the most delinquents, and forced from your
bower of pleasure here to peepe through a grate or taste the

The Bride.

charity of Bridewell.

Exeunt Bladets.

M. Fe. You are complaind of by these

Fer. Ha! whether are they gone that accused you?

The. Without their accusation I submit
My selfe to th' law. And if you have direction
To use your power, let it acquit this gentlewoman
From the ensuing scandale, Ple be patient
With any punishment the just revenge
Of those I have to wrong'd can lay upon me.

M. Fe. Is she not your wife?

The. Heaven hath forbid it, and my penitence
Restores her back.

Bri. It shall not by my hopes
Of comfort in thy love. If your commission
Be for our apprehension.

M. Fe. Truly Mistresse *Bride* I should be glad to apprehend
you in bed together: 'twas expected 'all had been cock sure by
this. 'Twas but a plot of your old foster father to pretend mar-
rying her himselfe when he meant her onely for you.

Rav. They will discover all; curse on the accident
That brought them hither.

M. Fe. To expresse it more fully, and how deere you are to
him, he hath conferred his whole estate upon you. My Worship-
full husbands hand is to the writing.

Fer. It is indeed sir.

M. Fe. Is it so sir? as if my word were not sufficient!

Rav. Heare them attentively, and then your care.

The. I do heare words that must be scan'd and confred.

Fer. He appointed that gentleman to find you out.

The. Amazement hath possesst me wholly.

Rav. Although my person came before you, sir,
You were the first deliverer of this joy,
Which I conceal'd for reasons: but desire
I now may spish all in private.

M. Fe. Take your fill sir, whilst I drinke mine.

drinks,

Rav. Cofin I know you wonder at the strangeness
Of all: for which take this brieve satisfaction.
You are betrayd to receive punishment.

The Bride.

For what you rather do deserve a Crown.
This Justice and my selfe had the instructions
All's nothing but a plot to get you back.

The. Why then would you pretending love conceal it?
And mock my feares with such diversity
Of dangerous accidents, you brought upon them?

Rav. Alasse had I reveal'd the circumstance
Of his profest love; hegn'd intentions
And the smooth traps were layd to catch you in,
I know your nature of such easie temper,
You rather would have flattered your selfe
Into beliefe of them, then your own danger.
'Twas my prevention.

The. How I shall determine,
And reconcile these differences to truth
Is hard. Be firme my resolution:
I will be satisfied, and yet prevent
The danger that is her. My Cousin, *Raven*
Is certainly a villaine. You have been sir
The comfortablest messenger of pardon
That ere ingag'd a man; and if you please
To be the instrument of farther good,
You'l find us gratefull.

M. Fr. Command both me and mine husband.

The. Pray' take this gentlewoman to your care,
Whilst I go back to make acknowledgements
Of the greates benefits are done me.

Bri. I will along with thee likewise.

Rav. By no means.
Let him be satisfied of all that's past
Which I'll instruct him how without his danger,
Whilst you are absent.

The. Shall shee be your charge?

Fr. She shall go to our house.

M. Fr. And welcome with my husbands good liking. To
your house? as if the entertainment of constables on a sharing
day were not chargeable enough, but you must complement a-
way wine and sweet meers. 'Tis enough that we wish them
well; let others do them good.

Fr.

Then said I

Fer. Search with his parish; I have found out another way.

Rev. Observe me fir, I will discover more. D'you thinke 'tis fit my cosin go alone fir? Suppose those baffled roarers (whom he did justly correct) way lay him; may there not be danger in't?

Fer. You say well fir. *Standish* and *Dash* my Clerkes shall a long with him. Or what thinke you of my neighbour *Catch* the *Marshall*s man? the sight of him would fright them.

Rev. Do you marke that fir he would have you guarded. Would you were off: I'll tell you more by th' way. I'll along with you Cosin, so I may borrow a weapon.

Squi. You may have one of these.

Th. Let's on; I will returne to our full joyes; I go but to prepare them. And find out The meaning of these riddles.

Bri. My prayers go with thee.

Exit.

Rev. By this, what I intend shall be conferr'd Upon those roarers, that will carry circumstance To make it credited; and quit me wholly Of all suspect. In mischeife ther's content, When we on others lay the punishment.

Exit.

Fer. Come *Mistresse Bride*, wee will walke and see some rarities and antiquities till they returne. There is one in the neighbourhood is stor'd with them; as if he had translated the *Capitall* hither.

M. Fe. The motion's good: it should have been mine fir. You shall see the feathers of a *Phenix*; the beake of a *Pelican*; and the skins of birds; beasts and fishes, stuffe with hay, enough to bring down the market. For coyns and meddalls he hath those with inscriptions that speake their date 500 yeeres before the use of letters. He hath the fingers and toes of a *Colossus*; and three hayres of a giants upper lip, each of them as big as a bull rush. Then he hath the members of a *pignie*, that cannot be discern'd but through a multiplying glas. Yet it is thought he would gladly part with all he hath for the *Phylosophers stone*; I or the *Unicornes* horne at *Windfor*.

The Third.

Fer. Come come, he hath those things a prince might glory to be owner of, and 'tis bravely done of him to affect them.

Bri. Such fights will be delightfull. I must strive
In what I may my sad thoughts to withstand,
Which do presage some mischief's neerer at hand.

Squi. Y'are welcome with a mischief to the occasion that brought you hither. Here hath been attendance for a quart of wine and that not paid for. Some better customers, or I shall crack without credit. My *Blades* baffled too! Their loss must be repaired upon the next advantage.

The third Scene.

To him *Kickshaw* like a Gentleman.

You are welcome sir.

Kick. Pray' take a me cloake: me back be so hot, will burn a hole in it.

Squi. Would you have a cooler sir?

Kick. You understand for bien: de vench, de vench!

Squi. Excuse moy pur cela.

Kick. Parle Francois Monsieur?

Squi. Non intendo.

Kick. You fall inrand dat me be de French gentleman; dat me have two tree crown in me pocket and me vuld have a de vine and de vench, and be merry in de shamber.

Squi. I'll send one to you sir.

Kick. Remercie Monsieur: Voe call a me Cooke now! de greafie Larone! True; me make de Franch dish for de Lor: he give me two tree peece; me steale two tree peece of plate more, dat buy de sor, de hat an de feder, and Monsieur be so good a gentleman as—

Exi.

The Blade.

The fourth Scene.

To bind the Blades, first one, then the rest and afterwards the Wenches.

1 *Bl.* Who sir? *Drawer brings in wine*

Kick. Me have noting to say to you *and Exit.*

1 *Bl.* I had thought you had sent for me.

Kick. You be no vench Monsieur.

1 *Bl.* Would you have me to procure you one?

Kick. Me give you de vine and you fetch a de vench.

1 *Bl.* Do you take a *Blade* for a Pandare?

Kick. You no quarrell vid me?

1 *Bl.* Yes and pisse upon your back canopie, that shadowes your halfe roasted kidneis if you dishonor a *Blade* with the least suspicion. Yer in a faire way I care not to exchange a glasse or two.

Kick. Vid all mine art. But pray' Monsieur be you no so hot in de mour.

1 *Bl.* Do you disparage my Tobacco? I assure you sir it is right Spanish.

Kick. Me can no endure de Spanish.

1 *Bl.* Not your *Blade*? why your French temper will not beare an edge to chop rotten lytter for mortar.

Kick. You speak not like a jentelman dat love not to be a al mode.

1 *Bl.* Poxe on your mode

Kick. Dat be no good vard Monsieur.

1 *Bl.* Doth it touch you sir? why 'tis your credit to be markt by that French Herald for a gentleman of fashion.

Kick. Me can be no more patiant. Me cut in two tree two sand peece for dishonor the French jentelman.

2 *Bl.* Will you so sir? we are for you. *As he offers to draw,*

Kick. Oh de base coward. *the Blades come in and binde him.*

3 *Bl.* We shall be valiant enough to overcome your mettall.

Kick. Help help; de teeves rob me. *Picks his Pocket.*

1 *Bl.* No no Monsieur, you shall have a vench for your mony,

The Brawl.

when you have enter'd into bonds for your good behaviour.

Kick. De gran English cocken you all! Wat you do vid me?

1 Bla. Worke a cure (if we can) on the itch in your blood, that hath infected many of our wenches, and made them dangerous to us.

Kick. Oh diable! que faite vous?

1 Bla. He speaks ends out of a puppet play.

Kick. Help help; de teeves kill me beate me.

1 Bla. Peace Monsieur; you shall have a wench presently, Wine, Musick, and whilst you in dalliance meet

Wee'l tread a measure with our nimble feet.

Shall tempt you to be sportive, if desire

Want whetting and renew the active fire.

Come wenches. Monsieur ther's a she for you.

Your meat is paid for; if you lik't fall to.

Having taken away his money, sword, and belt they sing and dance about him, whilst an illfavour'd greasy wench offers sometimes to kisse him.

Kick. Oh fye fee. De reef, rogue poison me vid de stinking Maquarell.

1 Bla. Let's leave him now t'his patience, and go share. And when you want a wench to coole you Monsieur,

You know wher's those can take your courage down sit. *Exeunt*

Kick. Oh de villain, de Laroone! my for an my money, and de slut leave a varse stinck behind her den de French Cook kithin stuffe

The fifth Scene.

To him Squirrell.

Oh Monsieur help me. Me go to de Constable, an I de bedle fall vip for dis.

Squirrell unties him.

Squi. What's here? how came you bound? Not for any good behaviour.

Kick. De teeves kill me and rob me. Fetch a me cloak, me go to de Justice and his clerk. Fetch a me cloak I say.

Squi.

The Bride.

Squi. Presently sir. But now I have releast you, who shall pay the reckoning? 'tis five shillings you and your company have had in wine.

Kick. Oh Diable! me no drink vine: De reese leave me no vine penny.

Squi. Your cloak then shall be your surety: it shall be forth comming when you please to release it.

Kick. I say vill have a me cloak.

Squi. Nor till you have paid the reckoning. I am not to take notice of all mens behaviour; if you admit of company and they abuse you, you must suffer for it. I meane not sir to be over-reach't with any of your French cheats.

Kick. Is English cheat to send me no vench — but my cloak.

Squi. Not without the reckoning.

Kick. Me must den valke in quirpo.

Squi. A fashion of your own, and apt to be followed upon the like occasion.

Kick. Me shall fetch de Magistrate.

Exit.

Squi. Even whom you please. My correspondence with these Blades and wenchs helps me and themselves to many such purchases; yet still my house is honest. Though many will say, No matter how so they have comming in, And sin thrives best that is maintain'd by sin.

Exit.

The fourth Act. The first Scene.

Maligo and Rhenish-meeting Horten.

Mal. It should be he by the description was made of him.

Rbe. Let us salute him then. If your name be *Horten* sir?

Hort. I own no other.

Mal. We are commended to you by some freinds of yours, that request for us your leave to see rarities and antiquities you have, and for which you are so much spoken of abroad in the world.

Hort. The world I do beleeeve speaks grossly of me;

And

The Brides

And calls my curiosity in reposing
Such things, a prodigall vaineſſe being one
That lives by my endeavors: have no ſtate
But what my labor purchaſeth.

Mal. May we have leave to walke to your houſe?

Hor. And command

The fight of all. I muſt confeſſe my care
Of knowing and poſſeſſing rarities
Makes me ſo ſkilfull, I dare undertake
To pick a taller out of Dioſcorides,
Shall feaſt the Doctors colledge, with rare practiſes
Stranger then *Aſons* reſtitution
To youth by Magick. From my garden fir
I can produce thoſe ſimples, ſhall out-worke
All the compounds of drugs, and ſhew like miracles
Compar'd with them. What needs the weapon ſalve;
Condemn'd by ſome for witchcraft? when each dunghill
Affords the Perſicaria, that on wounds
Works the like Magick. *Panax Coloni*
Is known to every ruſtike; and *Hipericon*.
And yet we muſt from *Mimphi* and *Judea*
Fetch Balmes, though ſophiſticate; there is not
An ounce in *Europe*, will endure the triall
Of milke or water. Yet my Ladyes gentlewoman
Bit by her Monkey, ſweares by her loſt maydenhead
The world hath not a Balmes like to that
Her cloſet yeelds; when 'tis perhaps but oyle
A little aromatiz'd for lamps.

Rbe. You are learned likewise in antiquities.

Hor. A little fir.

I ſhould affect them more, were not tradition
One of the beſt aſſurances to ſhow
They are the things we thinke them. What more proofes
(Unleſſe perhaps a little circumſtance)
Have we for this or that to be a peece
Of delphos ruines? or the marble ſtatues
Made Athens glorious, when ſhe was ſuppos'd
To have more images of men then men?

A wea-

The Bride.

A weatherbeaten stone with an inscription
That is not legible but through an optick,
Tells us its age; that in some Sibills came
Three thousand yeares ago it was an altar.
'Tis satisfaction to our curiosity;
But ought not to necessitate belicfe.

Mal. Antiquities fir are grown of late good merchandize.

Hor. Th' affection of some Princes hath begot
An imitation, and 'tis nobly done.
For by such things mans knowledge is inform'd
In principles of art, and many times
They light upon instruction by them, that
Direct invention to recover what
Neglect or ignorance hath lost.

Rbe. Pray' fir what are the rarities and antiquities you have?

Hor. Nor Pliny fir, nor Gesner ever made
Discription of a creature, but I have
Some particle thereof: and for antiquity
I do not store up any under Grecian.
Your Roman antiquies are but modern toyes
Compar'd to them. Besides, they are so counterfet
With mouldings, 'tis scarce possible to find
Any but copies.

Mal. Yet you are confident of yours that are of more doubt.

Hor. Others from their easinesse
May credit what they please. My triall's such
Of any thing I own, all the impostors
That ever made antiquity ridiculous
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Ought that's above my skill, I have recourse
To those whose judgements at the second view
(If not the first) will tell me what Philosophers
That eyleffe, noselesse, mouthlesse statue is,
And who the workman was, though since his death
Thousands of yeeres have been revolv'd——

The Bride.

The second Scene.

To them Justice Ferret, Mrs. Ferret and Bride.

Fer. A good evening to you neighbour *Horten*.

Hor. And to your worship.

M. Fe. My husband will still be before me, to prevent the a-
men of a shrew. *Fer. and Hort. whisper.*

Mal. You are happily met *Mistresse Bride*.

Rhs. But 'tis my suddain wonder what accident should guide
her this way.

M. Fe. These gentlemen are witnesses to the old mans deeds,
as well as my worshipfull husband

Bri. The fortune of this day hath led me through
Events both strange and dangerous. I hope
As you are Gentlemen that you will make
A faire construction of me, though the vulgar
Borrow discourse and pastime from my act.

Mal. You are a brave woman. Yet had I opportunity——

Rhs. She is sure a light heeld wench, and if——

Hor. With all my heart and welcome.

M. Fe. Are you making motions now, before I can recover
breath to begin my exordium as my sonne at the University
taught me to say. Neighbour *Horten* 'tis thus. My telfe and my
husband have this day been eyewitnesses of strange accidents;
chance upon chance, and fortune upon fortune: one disaster
hath been the cause and cure of another. Now we desire the fa-
vour that we may see your trinkets, knaks and knaveries (par-
don me neighbour I meane no hurt) to delight this melanco-
lick gentlewoman that hath found and lost, and lost and found a
husband yet no husband——

Hort. You shall command me: but see chiefly.

M. Fe. And shall we see all?

Hort. All I assure you.

M. Fe. The great Sea horse what you call that cures women
of the crampe.

Mal.

~~The Bride~~

Mal. What a wanton tempting eye she hath! *W. W.*

Rbe. I will attempt her.

Hor. A handsome lass. I must have her home and give her a philter.

The third Scene.

To them Kickshaw.

Kick. Vich be de Justice?

M. Fe. What justice sir?

Kick. Justice vat you call run up and downe de cony hole.

M. Fe. My husbands name is *Ferret*: what's your business sir?

Kick. De he teefe and de thee teefe rob me at vat you call de little nutcrack house? and he take a me cloake an me have no vare for my money.

Fer. I know the house he meanes; a place much suspected. But a few houres since there happened a dangerous uproare about this gentlewoman; and the delinquents came to complain first. But had they not convey'd themselves away, they should have been punished.

M. Fe. With what tro? a reproofe or a jeer out of your table book notes, enlarg'd with a peece of a charge; then with a half bribe and single fees they are released to boast how cheap they have scaped. Come come you shall back to this house, and be severe, and wise and say little, let mine be the speaking part, yours the doing: I'll make them come off and on roundly. Do you thinke I can keep house with bare warrants and mittimusse?

Fer. Will you with us neighbour?

Hor. I desire to be excused.

M. Fe. By all meanes neighbour; you are an officer.

Hor. What shall become of this gentlewoman then?

M. Fe. Please these gentlemen to walke a turne or two with her? The evening's pleasant if the mist rise not.

Hor. I had rather I had her at home.

Both. We are her servants.

Kick. Is de fine vench.

The Bride

M. Fe. We will along with you fir to this righteous——

Fer. Riorous you would say.

M. Fe. No fir tis rourous place; and my husband shall fetret the hee theeves and the shee theeves holes never feare it.

Hor. To have seen this wench and not to enjoy her, is such a Tantalizing to me.

Exeunt.

Kick. Me fall turn back agen from you to dis fine vench. Me give her my dublet cost two tree pound for lye vid her two tree time. Oh fine vench!

Exit.

Mal. Tis most opportune.

Rhen. Could I but remove him:

Mal. Please you to walke, and let my hand support you.

Rbe. Please her to be my charge.

*They strive which
should lead Bride*

Mal. Fle be your servant Lady.

Bri. What meane ye gentlemen?

Mal. To do you manly service.

Rbe. If you could fir.

Mal. How fir?

Bri. I am betraid unto a new misfortune.

There is a malice in the stars that guide me,

Which yet seem wanton, as their influence

Were but a sportive mockery to shew

The various fates that do depend upon it.

I have had strange deliverance; but th' event

Of this is full of horror. I pray gentlemen

Do not make me the object for a quarrell.

Your gravity should be judicious,

And not minde trifles: such as youthfull bloud

Heated with wine can no way be excus'd for.

Mal. He shall not touch you his belly is nothing but a tun full of red herring, and boyl'd water.

Rbe. And thou art a shotten herring Jackalant Spanyard.

Mal. A word in privat.

*They go aside, and seem to threaten
and challenge one another.*

Rhen. What you dare fir.

Bri. A challenge sure. Some happy chance direct

Ayd to prevent a mischiefe:

Kick-shaw returns.

Kick. Me be your servant madame.

Bri. Would you would guide me to some house:

Kick-

The Bride.

Kick. To de house of good fellowship, or de nax disti.
Here be de fine morall.

Viles Dutch and Spanish make a fray
De Frenchman beare de prise away.

Exit. with Bride.

Mal. You'l meet me then?

Rbe. I will not fayle you.

Mal. But wher's the gentlewoman? where hath the mist conceal'd you?

Rbe. We have differ'd finely about a woman in a cloud.

Mal. We must not so loose her.

The foureth Scene

To them Theophilus and Raven.

Rbe. Saw you a gentlewoman fir?

Mal. Her sweet hart! let us avoid him least we be discover'd.

Rbe. I'll home and be drunk, and then perhaps grow friends with you.

Exeunt.

The. The Merchants? were they not?

Rav. Doubtlesse the same.

The. What Gentlewoman should that be they askt for?

Rav. Some Bonaroba they have been sporting with. Your outlandish merchants are notable barterers for such English ware. Many of them keep their recreations at pension; and sometimes two copartners will share as even nightly.

The. That's strange; if love will brooke no rivalls, lust should Being the more raging passion.

Rav. 'Tis common.

The. How common?

Rav. Wenching is like freindship hath all things common.

The. The mist is great: have we not lost our way?
We might e're this have got to th' waters side

Though we had trod a labyrinth.

Raven draws and runs

Rav. Over this stile and then

at Theophilus, and he turns

The. Ha! what devill mov'd thee to attempt it.

ning back

Rav. Pox on these French blades; no point!

wounds Rav.

The Bride.

I have payd a debt to all my vaine attempts,
With mine owne ruine. Hell hath left me yet
One meanes t' expresse my malice. In my death
Dye to all knowledge of thy self; the world
Besides me owne it not- *Fals and lies as if he were dead.*

The. I cannot give
Utterance unto my thoughts; the narrow passage
Is choakt up with a multitude, that strive
Which should first issue forth. How fruitlesse envy
Brings on its own destruction! Innocence
Is prooffe 'gainst all the battery of malice:
And he that's arm'd with't needs not feare t' encounter
The most severe tribunall. Though I am
Guiltlesse to heaven, yet I shal appeare
Foule to opinion wanting testimony;
And th' act makes me the lawes; I am no more
The subject of my conscience, which by judgement
Must be determin'd. Can I not prevent it?
Flight may procure my safety. 'Twill bring on
A greater danger, and cause supposition
That I am guilty by the circumstance
Of mine owne feares.

Wibin. Help, help, a rape. Villaine keep back.

The. Horrors on both sides round me.
Hath my crosse fortune found new instruments
To draw more mischiefes on me! By the voyce
(A womans weakly utter'd, as if fainting
Under some violence) 'tis neer this hedge.
I'le ayd her, though my ruine lay in ambush
With twenty murderers.

The fifth Scene.

To them Bride persued by Kick-shaw.

Bri. Out Villaine:
Would I could spee a leprosie upon thee.

Help

The Bride.

Help help.

*Kick-shaw falls on his knees, and Bride
bolds back Theophilus.*

The. My deereft!

Kick. Oh pardone moy Monsieur.

The. Villaine thy end's upon thee.

Bri. I being safe

Prethee forbear him.

Kick. Is no fayr play for give me de prick Monsieur.

The. How can'st thou hither sweet?

Bri. Soone as my feares

Have finisht their effects of trembling,
And that my breath's recover'd, shalt know all.

The. Monsieur stir not; I have imployment for you
May win your pardon.

Kick. Vid all mine art, but myne art vill be in mine eeles anon;
is fals already into me breeches.

Bri. What object's this? Alasse your Cofin *Raven*
Wounded or dead? what hand hath done it?

The. This;
Justice made this her instrument. He was
A villaine to me, and betrayd my life
To all those dangers which I overcame
By th' causes strength. And lastly his intents
To murder me, have brought upon himself
This punishment as due.

Bri. Why dost not fly then?
I'll beare thee company in all adversities.
Thy person being safe time may effect
A pardon by some composition.
If thou be tane, thou meet'st thy certain end
Mingled with shame; and mine hath the same date:
I'll not out live thee.

The. Did you bid me fly
To shun the end's before me? sure ther's difference.
Twixt meritorious acts, and acts of shame.
I was but justice executioner.
His crime deserv'd death, and he had fair triall.
By evidence: see here this pointlesse weapon;
If providence had not ordain'd it so.

The Bride.

As he so I had slain; but innocent.
Should I then fly? and by my fears beget
A worse suspicion? No: I'll meet th' event.
And though I now were circled with the terrors
Of racks and tortures; gibets; executioners;
And all the palsyng apprehensions
That ever made a malefactor tremble,
Arm'd as I am, I would encounter all
With a fixt confidence. Just causes never
Did yet miscarry; or if any have
'Twas to the greater glory of the cause.
And Monsieur 'ris your imposition
To watch this corps, and give to passengers
What answers you have wit or language for.

Bri. Wilt thou not fly then? prethee do not rashly
Play away safety.

The. If I fly, and so
Provide for't, will you with me?

Bri. Even to death,
In that shalt find me resolute. I'll vy
Against thy courage with my constancy.

The. Let's go then

Exeunt.

Kick. Me be glad you be gon, for me will no stay long vid de
dead man. If de live jentelzman ly so——but me fall see vat
you have in your pocket.

*Kick-shaw searching Ravens
pocket be stirs.*

Rav. Oh! a surgeon.

Kick. De man be no dead: but me fall make you dead rader
den go vidout your money.

Kick, offers to take the sword from

Rav. What wilt thou villaine?

Raven and be riseish.

'Tis time then to leave off counterfeting

Kick. Dis be de jentelman hire me to vark at de vedding; but
he no know me, and day be sure de jentelman an de jenteluman
da: run away togeder.

Rav. I'm wounded, but I hope not mortally;
I have no feeling of those accidents
Are deaths forerunners. Would I had a surgeon.
If I survive, I will convert this mischief
Into a benefit; and by his flight

Possesse

The Brute.

Possesse my self as well of what I cover,
As by his death. Sir you can witness for me
How and by whom I did receive this wound.
Although you know him not, make a description.

Kick. Pardon me Monsieur, me no see him do it.

Rav. You must dispense with scruple
If you will serve my purposes a little,
I can and will be thankfull; otherwise
What e're you are I can betray your life
For your intent of rape.

Kick. Me be your servant Monsieur. Me do any ting; swear
any ting; go to de divell along vid you rader den be hang.

Rav. Go with me to a surgeon.

The sixth Scene.

To them Goodlove with three or foure servants.

Good. We need make greater haste; 'tis almost night;
The mist is risen much.

Rav. My Uncles voyce. Help a surgeon: assist me now.

Good. Looke about knaves: I have heard that voyce.

1 Ser. Here sir a man wounded.

2 Ser. 'Tis Master *Raven*.

Good. My cosin *Raven*? what misfortune brought
This ill upon him? hold that gentleman.

Kick. Me no do it Monsieur: he be de yong jentelman in
black, an de jentelman.

Good. What gentleman in black? *Theophilus*?

Rav. My cosin sir? alas; ther's so much goodnesse
In him, I must not think he could be tempted
To weare such guilt about him. Good sir have me
Unto a surgeon; and that gentleman
Shall give you satisfaction, ere you give
Him a release.

Kick. Now me fall be discover, and hang for reefe.

1 Ser. Wee'l carry him to one *Hortens* house, and fetch a sur-
geon thither: 'tis close by.

The Bride.

Good. One call my friend justice *Ferret*; and post you over to *Mistress Brides* father: his presence at the examination of these circumstances will be needfull. 'Till truth satisfies my desires I am in torment.

Rav. I have a new designe.

Good. And till I see
Theophilus.

Rav. Which I hope ne're will be.

Exeunt.

The fifth Act. The first Scene.

Goodlove, Ferret, Mrs. Ferrer, and Horten.

Good. Sir we are troublesome: the accident
Hath made a subject for your charity
As well as for your art; and neither shall
Be unrewarded. But may I presume
Hec'll need no other surgeon?

Hor. Doubt it not sir.
The wound's but slight; were it more dangerous,
The simples that I have apply'd would cure it
According to the first intention
As surgeons call it.

M. Fer. Truly sir my neighbour is very skilfull; he cured
my little shock of the mange so perfectly, that it hath fam'd him
through the neighbourhood for an excellent dog-leech.

Hor. I ow much to your commendation *Mrs. Ferrer.*

M. Fe. Truly neighbour 'tis not so much worth.

Good. I dare be sworne it is not.
I dare not with much confidence rely
Upon this mans endeavours. Would I had
A surgeon here, whose judgement and experience
Might give me further satisfaction.
Is the French gentleman dispos'd of safely?

Hor.

Hor. I have confin'd him to a chamber fir,
A too delightfull prison. He may feast
His eyes with rarities.

Good. I think you are
Owner of more then all the towne besides.

Hor. 'Tis my affected riches.

Good. I have some
You shall command fir.

Hor. I'll have gratitude,
And something to exchange, This accident
May bring me in a purchase;

M. Fe. Pray 'neighbour let's see the late giants boot, and the
dwarfs shoe.

Good. Prettie extremes no doubt.

M. Fe. Extremes fir! me, thinks their differences should make
a very good meane. Suppose the one was a great drinker or
wencher; the other must needs be a little one. What the one
wasted in boots the other sav's in shoes. But I'll in to the wound-
ded gentleman, and help to talke away his paine.

Hor. By no meanes: sleepe would give him more ease; and
prevent a distraction; which he seemes to occasion some feare of
by his often digressions and interruptions of discourse.

Good. Indeed fir I am troubled when I weigh
The accident and circumstances of it.

Nor can we urge him to give satisfaction
With any positive truth, but all his answers
Are carelesse and imperfect, many times

The second contradicts the first: and then

Hee'l name *Theophilus*, as if he were

The mischiefes worker. But of all kind friends

Your strange relations have begot most wonder.

The roarsers, and *Theophilus* brave ast;

My cosins not revealing my intents;

The maide left with the Merchants, and the Monfieurs

Stealing away, then found with my hurt kinsman,

What to conclude from these——

The second Scene.

To them a Servant hastily.

Hor. The news! what meanes your haste?

Ser. Alasse sir you are rob'd.

Hor. How's that?

Ser. The French gallant sir which you lockt in the chamber, is run away with your Renoras and Terpedos skins; and we know not what besides.

Hor. Pursue him. I'd not loose those rarities For halfe my state. Alasse sir they are valuable 'Bove any thing I own besides.

M. Fe. Hath Monsieur given you the slip as he gave us? He may chance be catcht in a halter for it,

Good. Be patient sir, and with your best endeavor Restore my cousin to his former safety. I'll recompence your losse with things more valuable. I have large trees of corall, and Zibemas Both of strange form and colour, I expect Some living Ermines.

Hor. Would I had them, they Should pacifie me quickly.

Good. Sure that french man Is guilty of the fact: why should he fly else? If by your servants indosty that Monsieur May be brought back againe, 'will be of consequence. Something perhaps may be concluded from A strict examination of him.

Hor. I'll employ all the servants I have about it.

M. Fe. They shall have my husbands authority with them; wee'll make you a warrant.

Good. How various are th' events that may depend Upon one action, yet the end propos'd Not follow the intention! Accidents Will interpose themselves; like those rash men

That

The Prologue.

That thru it into a throng occasioned
By some tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their busie curiosity begets
New quarrells with new issues. I go on
From one consideration to another,
Yet can determin nothing.

The third Scene.

To him Father, Mother and Servant.

Your arrivall
Will be of use fir.

Fat. Else my paines were fruitlesse.
Chance brought us hither, for what ends I know not.
But understanding you were here, I come
To aske a daughter from you.

Good. I from you
Must have a wounded reputation cur'd;
It bleeds worse then my kinsman, whom your sonne
And daughter are by circumstance suspected
To have attempted.

Fat. My sonne sayd you fir;
I heare that sonnes of mine must be your heire;
And I have heard what plots and circumventions
You us'd to catch me: so you have fir finely.
My stares mine owne still, though my daughter's lost.

Good. And pray' fir keep in doubt not but 'twill find
Some gratefull heire, that will preserve the memory
Of such a benefir, with witty libells
Upon your glorious life.

Fat. Your scorn is well fir;
And well becomes that supercilious gravity;
Hath aw'd the city long, and frighted Rats
Into the Counter.

Good. You are very free fir.
Yet these are not the Cittyes liberties.

The Bride.

Stand not too much upon your privilege.
If you can give faire satisfaction
For what concerne you, doe; and let not passion
Kindle a new flame. I am calme; have quencht
My spleene that late was fired.

Fat. I acknowledge

I heare your kinsman's wounded, and there is
A supposition by my daughters sweet heart.
But how farre this concerns me, be your selfe.
The judge. Sir I have suffer'd in my fame already
Too much, to have more added by suspicion
Of being accessary to an act
Of such vile nature; and your self may sooner
Prove guilty, if the circumstance be weigh'd
You have made him your heire.

Good. My intention

Had done it, neither did it want the forme
Of law for confirmation: but 'twas when
I was too partiall in affection: now
I am resolv'd to satisfie that error
With severe justice.

Fat. You'l revoke your act!

Good. Hands stain'd with blood shall never have the power
To make a distribution of that wealth
Heaven hath blest my faire endeavours with.
Should he be prov'd a murderer (for though
My coffin dye not, his intent was such)
Revenge would waite on all his actions;
And even his charity when he gave almes
Would to his conscience so present the fact
In bloody characters, that his best deeds
Would loose their merit.

Fat. I am hard put to it.

But sir suppose your kinsman did attempt
Some practice upon him; ther's circumstance
To make it probable. Suppose your coffin
Repining at it that you should preferre
Adoption before naturall succession,

Affaulted

The Bride.

Assaulted him first to remove him, who
Defending so himselfe made the act lawfull.

Good. From your suppose I raise a supposition,
That he to cleere himselfe of after troubles
Which might arise by any kinsmans claime,
Attempted this preven.ion by some others
If not himselfe: which yet we cannot urge
My kinsman to discover.

Fat. There are plots
In these proceedings. Might I fir be witnesse
To an examination of your kinsman?
The knowledge of the truth is of some consequence
And doth concerne us.

Good. If he may endure
Discourse without his danger.

The fourth Scene

To them Servant, Plaster, and then Ferret, Mr.
Ferret, and Horten.

Serv. Her's Mr. Plaster, the learned Surgeon, that speaks
nothing but Latine, because either he would not be understood;
or not contradicted.

Good. He is welcome.

Hort. There is no need fir of his trouble: the gentleman is past
danger. Plast. Are you a surgeon fir?

M. Fe. A simple one fir; one I meane that useth no com-
pounds.

Plast. If you are *rational* as well as *empirical*, and that you
practice *secundum artem* 'tis well.

Hort. I dare secure his safety.

You may erre fir. He hath a wound; and where there is *con-*
tinuitatis divortium, you must consider whether it came *per*
contusionem, punctiorem, or how; and whether a nerve, tendon, li-
gament or artery be in danger. The parts likewise whether it be
in *principalibus vel minus principalibus*. Then the *adjuncts*; whether
there be *fractura* or *dislocatio*; for these make it *vulnus compositum*.

Then.

The Bride.

Then the accidents, whether there be *inflammatio cellulosæ* or—

Good. Pray sir what is that?

Plas. It is fir *copiosa sanguinis inter cutem diffusio*; which many times causeth a dangerous *apostema*.

Good. You have satisfied very well sir.

Plas. Perhaps you have applyed some Montebankes medicine which you believe will cure *secundum primam intentionem*.

Good. Pray' sir how is that?

Plas. That is *sine suppuratione vel cicatrice*. We that worke according to art begin with *alteratione substantie in puri*: for *ex corruptione unius fit generatio alterius*. And then—

Good. You have said enough fir more then we understand. Pray' sir give him leave to see my cofin and his wound: his judgment being a professor may confirme us.

The fifth Scene.

To them Raven.

Hor. He is here sir.

Rav. The Brides Father and a surgeon! what new devise is towards?

Fas. and Serv. whisper.

Hor. I'll apply but one *Emplastrum consolidans* more: I think that's a terme of art.

Exit. ser.

Plas. I come not to be jeer'd.

Good. To be rewarded; accept of this fir. *gives him money.*

Plas. My thankfullnesse. This is more then my practice would have deserv'd; for to say truth though I can out face it with talking, though I am neither parson nor vicar yet my cures serve to mayntaine sextons.

I take my leave sir.

Exit.

Hor. The wound was very slight fir.

Ad. Fe. Indeed Mr. Raven you escapt a scouring in your belly: if you had miscarryed, the Monsieur for all the seperation betwixt his doublet and breeches should have trust for't, but that he is run away.

Rav. Escapt? I'm glad of that: it shall be usefull.

Good.

The Bride.

Good. Being past danger coffin, we would gladly
Be satisfied who 'twas that did attempt
This mischief on you: you have hitherto
Seem'd as unwilling he should be discover'd.
If 'twere *Theophilus*, all diligence
Shall be employ'd to find him, that he may
Pay law her due: his flight makes it suspicious.

Rav. Good sir forbear that trouble.
If he be fled with his faire Mistress, 'tis
A discreet policy to shun the danger,
Her parents anger might bring on him. 'Twas
The French man wounded me.

Good. On what occasion?

Rav. None sir that I know: I provok't him not;
Unlesse he meant to rob me.

Fat. Will you sir
Justifie this on oath?

*Fathers Servant
returns.*

Rav. Were there necessity:
'Tis otherwise sufficient I have said it.

Fat. Bring in the Monsieur.

Hor. How sir! is he taken!

Fat. Yes sir; with many trinkets that were yours.

Hor. I am restor'd to my first state.

Fat. We met him:

And for some reason you shall know anon
Brought him back with us.

Rav. I am still discover'd.

The sixth Scene.

To them Kick-shaw.

Fat. 'Tis needfull sir this man should be committed,
That being accus'd he may be soone produc't
Upon occasion.

Kick. Me have no sor to kill de man: de reeves have mine,
True; me take de jenselman from de dushman and de Spaniard:

The Bride.

me offer too to kisse de jentelman; an de yong jentelman in black
dat hurt de man, almost kill hie but dat me beg pardon.

Rav. I have lighted upon it.

Unto you all I do submit my selfe,

And what I shall discover. I confesse

I may seem not to merit a beliefe

That have already feign'd so many untruths :

But the officiousnesse of them consider'd

I hope you'll credit this. It was my cosin

Theophilus, that hurt me : But I know not

Whether 'twere chance or malice for this gentleman

Attempting rape upon your daughter sir,

I drew a pointlesse weapon I had got ;

My cosins suddaine apprehension

Perhaps mad him suspect me : and not knowing

I meant a rescue of the gentlewoman

(Whose voice I heard, but could not through the mist

Discern her person) made his rash hand wound me ;

Which for his sake I joy is not prov'd morrall,

Nor will I hope.

Fat. I doe beleevve all this

For certaine truth. But why should you accuse

Another then?

Rav. I did presume this man

Unknowne to any here was fled, nor would

Returne to take a punishment : and being

A stranger was not capable of shame.

Now my concealing who the actor was

Neither his danger nor disgrace would follow.

God. Nephew I do admire thy love to him

So ill deserves it, and I now consider

What an injustice my election was.

Henceforth thou art mine heire. I will employ

A numerous search to find him that he may

Be punisht for his fact.

Rav. By no meanes sir :

Call him not back; my wound may yet have danger,

And if he should returne to pay his life

For

The Bride.

For mine that's so unworthy——

Fat. But he shall

To make you give the law a satisfaction
For all your villanies. Come forth my sonne,
For so he is fir.

The last Scene.

To them Theophilus and Bride.

Theo. Humbly thus I beg
Your pardon fir

Good. Pray' aske your father blessing :
Y'have got one now.

Fat. He hath fir, and shall keep him
His faire desert won my conversion ;
And chang'd me from intents of punishing
To an indulgent favourer. This hath been
A villaine to his life, and to his fortunes ;
Whetted by envy to such practises
As meritt death when you shall heare the passages.
A man that's guilty ; that from foule intents
Proceeded to an act would flye for safety :
Instead of which *Theophilus* repair'd
To me, that then was laboring with revenge.
First offers restitution of my daughter ;
Then passing on from declaration
To declaration, made to confident
By his sweet innocence, he satisfi'd
Mine anger, and gave peace unto my passions
Nor was I patient to defer their joyes
(Which likewise are myne own but got them married
This evening with a dispensation for it
Before we came to you. Where by the way
We met this Monsieur, and enforc't him back :
Whom straight his feares betrayd to a discovery
Of what he was ; no gentleman, but *Kickshaw*

Theo. kneels

The Bride. 301

In's wenching clothes.

Ser. Monsieur *Kick-shaw* we want plate Monsieur.

Kick. Now me fall be hang agen.

Hor. And I want Jewells Monsieur.

Kick. Jewells! me have noting but two tree bable. Pray
vat be dis? *Pulls the things out of his pockets.*

Hor. A bable call you it? This gentlemen is the horne of an
Aethiopian Rhinoceros.

Kick. An dis!

Hor. The Talcen of a *Birde in terna australi incognita*, which
the inhabitants call their great god *Ruc*, that preyes upon Ele-
phants, and will not be gorged under two or three in a morning
This stone of a strange forme and colour was brought by the
learned traveller of Odcombe from the great Mogull.

M. Fe. How sir! One of the great mogul's stones,

Fat. Good sir forbear a little. Now he's mine
I'll own him and the rather if you will
Disclaime all interest in him. For your kinsman
Some wise and powerfull authority
Must force truth from him.

M. Fe. My husbands authority sir is both wise and powerfull

Rav. 'Tis not in all my stock of cunning now
To hold out longer. Shame will be the end
Of all my undertakings.

Good. Cofin your looks are strange, and seeme as if
They would betray your thoughts. If you have guilt,
Let it not presse your conscience with a weight
Will sinck it into horror.

Rav. I have much sir.
Nor will there need another testimony
For confirmation of what I shall utter.
He that with griefe doth publish his own shame,
Speakes from truths records.

Good. What may this preface meane?

Rav. You had a sonne, whose birth depriv'd his mother
Of life; and what bestow'd a joy upon you
Rob'd you of one.

Good. Why doest review a griefe

Time

The Child

Time had worne out? Indeed I had a sonne.

Rav. And have him still: enjoy him in *Theophilus*.

The. Was this the knowledge of my selfe he spake of,
That liv'd but in him selfe?

Good. I feare his wound,
And a distraction.

Rav. Heare me fir and then
You will have faith. The child you did dispose
To be nurs'd by my mother, I being then
An infant likewise. She knowing by law
That I was capable of your estate

Your heire being once remov'd, soone plots
To make the childe away; attempts, but fainting
In th' execution left it in the feilds;

A formall buriall strengthening the report

That it was dead, By providence directed
You found and bred it up, and this is he.

My dying mother did reveale it to me

With teares of penitence, and an injunction

I should discover it: which my avarice

And envy would not suffer me, but tempted

My soule to those black practises, which now

Cease with my shame and my repentance.

Good. Joyes *Good, embraceth Theod. kneeling.*

Have fill'd me to the danger of a surfer.

Welcome to life; I have a new begot thee.

How often have I wisht in these embraces

The thing I did embrace but knew it not.

Cosin I hope your sorrow is not feign'd.

That it may merrit pardon, and preserve me

A loving Uncle.

The. I forgive you Cosin,

You have at length in this discovery

Given large satisfaction.

Rav. I'll remove

All cause of after jealousy.

Fat. We by these

Are reconciled for ever.

Good, and Fat. embrace.

The Bride.

M. F. But her's a dilligent must be punished.

Good. He shall be pardon'd too upon condition

He will no more play the impostor thus,

To weare the habit of a gentleman

Having such vile conditions; so disgracing

His noble nation; making all suspected.

I'll likewise adde something unto your storehouse.

And though 'tis late lets have a wedding feast :

To which pray' welcome every loving gueſt.

The Epilogue by the *Bride.*

I Am a Mayden yet, how can I then
Without some feare and blushes speake to men?
Ladies and gentlewomen pray' stick to me
If the rude men should offer to undo me.
Would they be kinde, and say I have done well
I'd give them leave to clap me. I can tell
They'd take it for a favor if they might
Clap every Bride upon her wedding night.

FINIS.

It is the duty of every citizen to
be informed of the rights and
responsibilities of citizenship.
The Constitution of the United States
is the foundation of our government.
It is the duty of every citizen to
know the rights and responsibilities
of citizenship.

The following are the rights and
responsibilities of citizenship:

- 1. The right to vote in federal, state, and local elections.
- 2. The right to hold public office.
- 3. The right to serve on a jury.
- 4. The right to petition the government for a redress of grievances.
- 5. The right to peaceable assembly.
- 6. The right to free speech.
- 7. The right to the protection of the laws.
- 8. The right to the protection of the property.
- 9. The right to the protection of the family.
- 10. The right to the protection of the children.
- 11. The right to the protection of the elderly.
- 12. The right to the protection of the disabled.
- 13. The right to the protection of the environment.
- 14. The right to the protection of the economy.
- 15. The right to the protection of the culture.
- 16. The right to the protection of the heritage.
- 17. The right to the protection of the future.